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POEMS

POEMS

BY

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR



JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON & NEW YORK. MDCCCCIV

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ROMANCES

Three of the poems contained in it
followed upon the publication of the poem
of the editor of "The Boston Weekly."

THE BRIDE

ALL veiled in white and silver

She trod the kirkyard way ;

On either side her splendour

The dead undazzled lay.

The bridal men and maidens

Fell dreaming as they came ;

The bridegroom's eyes upon her

Were fantasy and flame.

Oh ! like some strange dead woman's

Carved on a heathen gem,—

A great sweet star of evil,

Her beauty lighted them.

So, veiled and mute, she glittered
 Adown the dead;—and knew
That o'er her last best lover
 The red red roses grew.

A SONG OF GOLD

THERE was a NUN within a white

Fantastic town of Spain ;

Her hair was golden, like delight,

Her eyes were dark, like pain.

And once, without, amid the dew,

Splendid and unafraid,

One sang, the dead-gold twilight through,

An angry serenade.

“ O Sweet, now are you dreaming of

That Spring we kept of old,

When you fled fast with falconer Love

In virgin green and gold ?

Do you remember, Heart-alone,

That carnival untold

You flickered through like Passion's own,

In scarlet and in gold?

Do you remember, Penitent,

(O crucified long-cold!)

The great white night before the Lent,

The night of white and gold?"

THE QUEEN

THE Queen sinned in a dream,

Never a word she spoke ;

But throned in reverie supreme

She sat amid her folk.

And yet a rumour ran

Through the Castle by the sea ;

The knights grew pale ; the maidens 'gan

To brood right rosily.

Was it the purple dyes

Dropped from the splendid wing

Of Love-o'-Dreams in her sleeping eyes,

That told the grim old King ?

Merciful was the King.

Sing therefore piteously

A mass for the Queen of pearl we bring

To the Chapel by the sea.

(A tender and sparkling sky,

Beautiful beryl-green!—

Now Love-o'-Dreams may kiss for aye

The great gold curls of the Queen.

DIALOGUE

I.

Ghost Without : Dost thou remember ?

Thy window-pane is lit ;

What music under it

Stings thro' the wind and rain ?

She Within : Oh ! Clad in cloth-of-gold,

Crowned like a queen of old,

Have I to do with pain ?

Why should I remember ?

II.

Ghost : Dost thou remember ?

For it is All Souls' Eve,

Poor soul that could not cleave,

Poor craven Convertite.—

She : Ah ! Here the Bridegroom's kiss,
Perfume of ambergris,
Braziers of silver light !
Why should I remember ?

III.

Ghost : Dost thou remember
No colour of the Past ?—
She : Its beauty hath me fast,
Beneath mine eyes quaint kohl,
Far sound of silver bells
Within my voice of spells,
Faint sweetness in my soul,
It is. Do I remember ?

IV.

Ghost : Dost thou remember
The love, the pain, the sin ?—

She : O far-off violin,
 Spare now to vex and pierce.
 What epithalamies
 Of mockery are these ?
 His eyes are kind as tears.
I will not remember !

V.

Ghost : Dost thou remember
 The long strange kisses given
 Beneath a rose-pale heaven ?—
She : My mouth is purple yet,
 Like to a grape new-pressed,
 A wound upon the breast.—
 How then may I forget ?
And so I must remember !

VI.

Guest: Dost thou remember
The glory and the guilt,
The magic moonlight spilt
Between the aspens wet?—

She: Out to the rain and wind
I come, for I can find
No place where to forget.
God, how I remember !

ASLEEP

THE waxen taper faintly gleamed,
And waxen-white she lay
Upon her silken bed, and dreamed,—
Dreamed of her wedding-day.

Her hand upon a scroll was cast,
Where it was writ in red :
“ *Each lover-errant holds at last
His lady’s golden head.*”

But, bowed as one that sorroweth,
The sombre Nympholept,
The Lover of the Virgins,—Death
His quiet vigil kept.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS

THE Daughter of Herodias,

She danced before the king :

That rain of ecstasy she was

Whose silver and fantastic feet

Flash down the ways of Spring.

The Daughter of Herodias,

Magician loveliest !

What music came unto her, — as

A star within her love-locks sweet,

A heart upon her breast !

The Daughter of Herodias,

Like waves before the moon,

Like ringing flute a dreamer has

Lured to a lay of never-tolk,

Swayed softly to the tune.

The Daughter of Herodias,

She danced in gold and red

Upon the floors of chrysophras : --

The light of flaming cities broke

Behind her sumptuous head.

The Daughter of Herodias,

Resplendent, unappalled,

Wove such a spell, it came to pass

She drew the soul down sounding seas

Of pearl and emerald.

O Daughter of Herodias,

What horror of the deep,

What slime of impure things !—Alas !

What loathing loathed captivities

In that abysmal sleep !

HIDDEN

THREE nuns at owlet-call

Tell o'er their rosaries :

But dreams they drop where prayers must fall.

And so, not theirs the Peace!

Calm leagues of silver sand

Beside the convent lie :

The great grey waters builded stand

Against a great grey sky.

Beyond the bastioned sea,

Amid a prick of spears,

Through almond groves ride wearily

Three golden cavaliers.

Ever the life uncrowned !

Never the seal of fire !

Nor marriage-music surging round

The Heart and her Desire !

O red wild-roses, be

Mourners awhile for these !

Hidden roses, white and three,

Die by the Virgin's knees.

PILGRIM SONG

GIRDLES of gold and of grammaraye

My lady's bosom clip,

And so I tread this aching way,

Dead roses in my scap.

Her head was like Aldeboran,

(O Christ, that Star is set')

Her voice was a spell Arabian,

(But shall I not forget

ARTHURIAN SONGS

I. AVALON

King Arthur lies alone

Deep down in Avalon.

Alone! For what fair knight

Is loyal quite?

Could golden Pelleas be lain

To drowse between delight and pain?

Could Tristram's musique here be borne,

Or the great blast of Gawain's horn?

It is no land for Galahad

Where none are good and none are bad.

It is no land for Lancelot
Where sweet and bitter are forgot.

For that proud soul of Guenevere's,
And her long ransom of bright tears

It is no land,—where none may weep,
Between reveille and faint sleep.

Swung soft 'tween heaven and hell, it seems
A crystal in a cloud of dreams.

Yet doth some one pass that way,
Is it, is it Morgan la Faye?—

Saying: "Was it love or hate?"
Saying: "But the wound is great."

So, and the purple's white,
Lo, it is Arthur, King and Knight.

King Arthur lies alone,

Deep down in Avalon.

Alone ! For what fair knight

Is loyal quite ?

II. THE END

“Now leave we Queen Guenever in Aynesbury, that
was a nun in white clothes and in black.”

Morte d'Arthur.

QUEEN GUENEVERE a-maying rode

In green and gold, alack!

Queen Guenever God's vassal died

In white clothes and in black.

In gold and green I follow her;

Nor God will call me back.

For I shall die in Aymesbury,

In white clothes and in black.

III. SARRAS

“But yet hast thou not seen it [the Grail] openly as
thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras, in the Spiritual Place.”

Morte d'Arthur.

FAR in the Town of Sarras,
Red-rose the gloamings fall,
For in her heart of wonder
Flames the Sangréal.

The gleaming fosses ring her,
Haut dreams her turrets are.
She riseth o'er the desert
Like the great Magian Star.

Through the o'er-castled portals
The knights ride out and in;
Their tired sweet heads all drooping,
They pray away their sin.

Upon the carven causeway
 Pass damozels in vair
And samite dropped with flamelets,
 Crowned on their ashen hair.

Into the Town of Sarra,
 Most delicate and sad,
Like a measure of rare music
 Came Lord Galahad.

The Crown of Gold he beareth,
 A dream-king exquisite,
Till the fair Lord of Heaven
 Yet closer needs his knight.

.

Dreams of the Town of Sarra,
 Ye ever give me dole,
With dome and steeple staining
 Horizons of my soul!

But where the Grail-Knight entered,

Ah ! me ! I enter not,

For hard my spirit follows

The ways of Launcelot.

By ruined cross and chapel

I lie in shameful trance.

Within, the High Masque burneth,

The Saving Cup, the Lance.—

Home to the Bower of Roses,

The viols calling clear,

To Love's most perfect Lover !

Oh ! Home to Guenevere.

IV. GUENEVERE

God rest the Lady Guenevere,

For much hath He required.

God rest the Lady Guenevere,

For surely she is tired.

If, in the hidden rosery

It was so white and red,

Was it not grey in Ayneshury

Till the bells rang her dead?

God rest her eyes, whereon Love wrote

His golden Masque, until

The vision of the Doomsday smote

And smouldered longer still.

God rest her weary golden head,

For it was fair to see !

The queen of lovers, she is dead,

And for her soul pray we.

THE KNIGHTS AT RINGSTEAD

I. REGRET

*[Of a Knight whose Lady died before he knew his
 " Live for her.]*

How was I to know

When you lived, long ago,

The sorcery in you, --that you could be,

Once dead, a white magician wasting me

From flaming crucibles of weary spells?

And, was I to know

I could be plagued so

By those tired hands, like lilies white and cold,

That flowered from out your falling sleeves of gold?

With a desire accurst for them I thirst.

Ah ! Was I to know,
Of all fantastic woe,
Your russet hair was of the hue to stain
For ever the long night of dreams ? What pain
That constellation dyes through the pale skies !

b

Nay ! And I did not know
When, mid the tall flambeaux,
On the great catafalque, sad state you kept,
That round your brows, a flickering lustre, crept
To be your aureole,—my dying soul.

Alas ! I did not know,
Who lightly let you go,
That Death would be a mirror to show clear
The miracle that blinded me too near.—
With masque and madrigal I paid you all.

Therefore, now, now I know

I should have loved you,—Oh!

I lost with you all music, valour, light

Of things immortal. To the baffled knight

“Rot on,” God saith, “within the fess of Death.”

II. THE KNIGHTS TO CHRYSOLA.

WE crazed for you, aspired and fell for you ;

Over us trod Desire, with feet of fire.

Ah ! the sad stories we would tell for you,

Full of dark nights and sighing,

While—you were dying,

Chrysola !

Rondels and all rich rimes we rang for you ;

How from the plangent lyre pled our Desire !

But the musicians vainly sang for you,—

Though dear the music, crying

That,—you were dying,

Chrysola !

High on the golden throne Love wrought for you,

With eyes enthralled of rest, tired of our best,

You sat unheeding while we fought for you,

Glaive unto glaive replying ;

For,—you were dying,

Chrysola !

Frenzied from out the jets we came to you,

“ Can we love more, Dream-fast ? Crown, then,
at last.”

But love and hate were one dim flame to you :

Strange things you smiled us,—dying.

Oh ! You were dying,

Chrysola !

Great spoils of frankincense we burned for you

Round your death-chamber proud,—then cursed
aloud

Christian or Pagan god that yearned for you

Till you were undenying.—

O Dream undying,

Clay-clad !

III. WINTER

[*Of a Knight that wranged his Lady.*]

OVER the snow,
A frozen barefoot penitent I go.
For, as I soil this cloth-of-silver, so
I left strange traces in her soul of snow.

Thorough the snow,
A monk distraught with subtile dreams, I go.
The falling flakes confuse me. Even so
My blinding love fell on her lids of snow.

Under the snow,
The kindly snows of death are hid, I know,
Her ruined lilies.—God, be mine the woe!
My sins are scarlet. She was white as snow.

IV. THE KNIGHT BEAUCLERC TO THE LADY

GLORIA

I.

WHEN that the Queen with all her maids came
 singing

Across the daisies, through a dusk of May,
Their spears of raiment gold and silver bearing,

You saw no crime in that sweet roundelay:—

 But held yourself a little wary yet,

 Your hands above your heart,—

A fair ideal image robed in royal state,

Dreaming of splendours insolent and well-lit,

 Dreaming of crown and welkin,—

Although your drooping head could hardly bear

 Its crown-imperial of yellow hair.

II.

Crowns, crowns of tournaments to lay before you !

What was a wistful singer to your pride,

A clerkly dreamer-Knight ? Ah, to adore you,

I gripped the lance, and threw the pen aside.—

But oh ! the crown of song is loveliest.

Yea ! I have loved you best,—

Crowned you in dreams with faint white stars of
glory,

Kisses imagined from all antique story ;

—But you as bindweed hold

My rare dream-jasmine. You would circlets cold

Of wounding laurel and of bruising gold.

III.

Therefore I lie here vanquished. Let the victor

Carry the crown before your red-shod feet :

Love is a cruel god,—hath many a victor

To scourge with briar who found the Rose too
sweet.

Your ring of hard bright faces hem me in,

Brand me like better sin :

Your fire like Ikenjewel, crowned, unsated,

My hand and heart devour. Thus, then, we parted,

O cold, cold, cold, proud heart !

And you are crowned and hemmed and fast.

Howe'er ! Farewell ! But I have loved you

well.

DEVOTIONAL

THE COMMON PRAYER

O HEAR the secret word I cannot say,
And comprehend the prayer I cannot pray ;
Read Thou the broken poem of my pain,
Divine the motive of my music vain,
And know the colour never artist knew
My crazy imageries yearn unto :—
O God, of Whom I am the clouded Gleam,
Art Thou indeed the Dream I cannot dream ?
Then fall like sleep upon mine aching eyes,
And hush my lips whose very truths are lies.
O Love and Lover, light this gloaming chill ;
Say: “Throughly do I know thee. Peace, be still !”

EARTHLY LOVE IS OFFERED TO GOD

BETTER to Thee the heart of heathen fire

Than the sour wood that will not burn at all;

More beautiful the feet that stray and tire

Than those that shun both fast and festival.

Shepherd that lov'st the lost,

The cold and laggard soul outwears Thee most.

Look in the wild eyes of this Paean, — Love.

His feet are winned: they loathe the mortal dust.

Not of Thy making, yet created of

Beauty and music, splendour, pain, and trust,

Void is he and strange,

And with immortals only will he range.

Christen him to Thy Knighthood if Thou wilt :

Do on him the Archangel's mail and sword,

For on this earth they call his strangeness guilt.—

The starry essence brooks no flameless lord :

He kneels before Thy throne,

Thy vassal. Set his hands between Thine own.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

Written during a Fretting of Calamity.

THERE is a terror in my heart;
And the brown twilight is despair;
And there are echoes in my heart
That chime to yon great death-bell rung
Against an iron sky somewhere.
Yea, from the clouded height is flung
Into my holy horoscope,
Ruddy with love and white with hope,
A blazing demon star to-day,—
I will pray.

Spirit of God, I cry to Thee,—

O Sinner Spirit, succor me.

Oh! Far beyond the iron sky,
The cruel gods, the Clouded Height,
Evil and good and iron sky,
Thou dwellest, Unimaginèd,
In the last ecstacy of light.
But, when the bitter Doom is sped,
Thy Passion strikes the spaces through;
Our silver sword and buckler too,
Our silver dragon-crest art thou!—
Now, oh, now,
Spirit of God, I cry to thee,
O Silver Spirit, strengthen me.

The bats are winging, bodied fears!
'Tis on the Clouded Height decreed
I be the plaything of the spears
Of the Dark Legion. I must go

To meet the tortures that exceed,
And all my soul is burning low;
My javelins, my dreams are lost,
How can I meet the evil host?
Lord of the Silver Forges, smite
The anvil white.

*Flashed on an anvil I, a I lie,
Spirits of God, thy bright anvil.*

FLAGELLANTS

I.

THE Soul is bleeding in Thy sight,

O Jesu ; and the Body must.

Shall the slave dance in red and white,

The Queen lie naked in the dust ?

We sought Thee West and East ; we ran

To painted palaces. Oh ! Vain !

Thou callest, sad sweet Castellan,

Up to thy dim-gold keep of pain.

(Lift up the gates, the flaming gates,

With martyrdoms and flickering fates

Brought over. Shall we dare to flee

The Fortress where Thou lov'st to be?)

II.

Our lips are scarlet, subtly kist

Our Pagan love; our fingers fine

All arts and spells and tortures wist:

They drove the dagger, drugged the wine,

Our feet have trod the Venus-hill,

Our brow up in her breast have lain.

Oh! Plague our fair soiled bodies, till

Their sins are all outbarned by pain.

Death! Death! Baptize us,—

And make us new men!

Oh! Scatter our bitter sins about,

Scatter our sins mortally!

III.

The sword that once I vowed to

Shall cut and cleave with me at once and

Love's darling arms: our curled soft hair
 With all the Passion-thorns be crowned.
An evil madrigal, our sin
 Still vexed Thee. Hark the new refrain
Of falling tears, for we begin
 To ransom peace with pain, with pain.
*(While beautiful boy-seraphs sing,
 Their fingers on the muted string,
 With dream-pale faces, listening eyes,
 Beneath the trees of Paradise.)*

IV.

Ah! How we seek and cannot find!
 Only a colour,—broken light—
A scent of sorrow down the wind,
 A wilding savour through the night!

Nay! Not amid the roses, Christ,
 That wound and stain, that haunt and stain!
 The Soul must keep her bridal tryst
 Mid the great lilies charmed from pain.
*(Then in that awful Place and pure,
 The twinkling of the Night Obscure,—
 How on the train of stars will be this Past
 That Thou shalt kiss away at last!)*

V.

Lead, crimson gontalons. Thus
 We mount and perish, yet aspire.
 Ban, painted tapers, lightning us
 Unto the Darkness we desire.
 O Passion of the Parbat!—Such
 Burning, the Soul's breaking free.

Like rent red raiment casting by

The body, she escapes to Thee.

(As a great sword the sheath forsakes,

As flame from lighted incense wakes,

The Sleeper sloughs her wasting dream.—

O Love Supreme, O Love Supreme !)

THE VANITY OF VOWS

A SUIT of many longings entered late
A chapel like a jewel blazing bright,
And fell upon the altar-steps. All night
She held with hopes and agonies debate ;
With tears the litanies of expiation
Drenched her, and tranquil colours bled her
white ;
And, as the incense flamed in silver light,
God's altar rose to His own nuptiate,
And then, breaking, her eyes were charmed with
flowers
And a melody that stole new-born within
The heart, and said, " God's name be blessed,—
Not for the sake that He is not to share,
He is not to take, and the name of God ;
And that the name of God is not to be dead.

THE END OF THE WAY

MUCH have I seen by the winding way ;

And much have I desired.

What is the end of it all to-day ?—

Jesu, I am tired !

I met with Love amid the dew ;

At noon with Shame and Wrath ;—

At sunset those three gibbets threw

Their shadows on my path.

No beauty can I bear to see.

Too much have I desired.

Here is a wayside Calvary !

Jesu, I am tired.

AN EARLY CHRISTIAN

GIRT in the panther-fells,
Violets in my hair,
Down I ran through the woody dells,
Through the morning wild and fair,—
To sit by the road till the sun was high,
That I might see some god pass by.

Fluting amid the thyme
I dreamed through the golden day,
Calling through melody and rhyme
“Iacchu! Come this way,
From harp and flute I knew you,
Vine leaves and poplars scattering.”

Twilight was all rose-red,

When, crowned with vine and thorn,

Came a stranger god from out the dead;

And his hands and feet were torn.

I knew Him not, for He came alone:

I knew Him not, whom I fain had known.

He said: "For love, for love,

I wear the vine and thorn."

He said: "For love, for love,

My hands and feet were torn:

For love, the winepress Death I trod."

And I cried in pain: "O Lord my God!"

AVE MARIA

AVE, MARIA ! I am tired.

Maiden Mother, reach thine hand :

Thou alone wilt understand

What it is to be so tired.

Let the virgin, sick for rest,

Like a pierced and hunted deer,

Find a still sweet covert here,

At thy feet, O Queen of Rest.

Earthly pains are hard to bear,

Earthly joys as hard, in truth.

Even Love hath hands uncouth

When the soul no more will bear.

Only thine are delicate

On the spirit's broken wing.

Oh! the languor of our Spring,

Oh! the heavy dreams that sate!

Ave, Maria! I am tired.

Maiden Mother, cover me.

Thou dost keep in memory

What it is to be so tired.

PILGRIMS

The Clerks.

THE pages of the perfect Greek,
And all our lovely heathen lore,
Our pastorals, and gods antique,—
We burned them, which we did adore.
Pilatus wrote, that all may read
Thy Name above the Cross indeed.
(O hard behest!—Thy Words are best.
But Jesu! help us to forget!)

The Knight.

We have cast off the subtle mail
And broken with our blade the Sword.

From sins of violence we quail

As caitiffs for Thy sake, sweet Lord,—

Far from the golden great mellay

That ringeth like a morn of May.

(O sword and crest!—Thy Will is best !

But, Jesu ! help us to forget !)

The Ladies.

We left the lute with broken string,

The web of tapestry undone,

The falcon with his wearied wing,

The lilies fainting in the sun,—

The web of dreamy scarlet dyes,

The falcon Love far-off that dies.

(O beating breast!—Thy Love is best !

But Jesu ! help us to forget !)

The Mends.

Across the litanies there came

A dream of orillammes and spears :

Within the vigil woke like flame

A dream of kisses and of tears.

The body for the Soul we slew,

But Love and Wrath like souls shone through

The cloister bars. 'Those flagrant stars

O Jesu! help us to forget!

All together.

Now over all the low blue hills

Winds on the masque of Spring :

Green, gold, and white up in the hills

The Pavium masque of Spring !

Or all the buried daisies

Not one hath she forgot :
But us she quickeneth not.

Us she reneweth not, albeit
Amid her revelry
But yester-April, fair and fleet,
Her masquers too were we,—
Singing that we were hers,
Not children of the Curse.

But children we of very Death
Unless Thou quicken us :
And so we draw this bitter breath,
And so we travail thus.
For like a wind Thy Spirit saith
O'er pipe and violin :
“It is but shame and sin.”

Mile after mile the road crawls by,

But are we nearer Thee ?

Against what holy beryl sky

Shall rise the Crosses three ?

When shall Thy beauty like a sigh

Cleanse us from vain-regret ?

When shall we quite forget ?

ROSA MUNDI

THE Rose of the World hangs high on a thorny
Tree.

Whoso would gather must harrow his hands and
feet.

But oh ! It is sweet.

The leaves that drop like blood from the thorny
Tree

Redden the roads of the earth from East to West.
They lie in my breast.

O Rose, O Rose of the World, bow down to me
Who can cleave no more, so pierced are my hands
and feet.

For oh ! Thou art sweet.

PURIFICATION

I would go down to meet the infinite sea,
And give my body to the sharp salt wave,
That it might seize, and sting, and harry me,
And dash me lifeless in a lifeless cave,
And there for ever dream against my side,—
O God, O God, so I were purified!

Would I might marry me to a blebe flame
Till eyes and lips were merely ashes white,
Till with the human passed the human shame
Of sordid pain and undelicious delight,—
Would all strange tortures be my soul for bride,
O God, O God, so I were purified!

When I draw round my flesh the veils of death,
 Soaked with the mist of twilight thro' and thro',
When to the burning blood there entereth
 The solace of imperishable dew ;
When I go out into Thy dusk to hide,
O God, O God, shall I be purified ?

LOVE SPEAKETH

WHY hast 'Thou given me these gyves to bear,
And why this garment of white flame to wear?
Anhungered for immortal beauty, must
I feed my longing on this burning dust?
Loving the lilies, mid the tares I go,—
Why dost 'Thou plague 'Thy dearest angel so?
Cast in 'Thine image, moulded likest 'Thee,
'Thy donz'lon, 'Thy troubadour to be,
The dreamer of the rapture at the core
Of 'Thine own heart, — Oh! well, then, O strange
Must I pollute my fantasy untwist
With strange dimming, — Love the Scannabillie,

Driven to sacrilege on mine adored?—

It is not well, it is not well, O Lord!

I yearn to Thee from out the blinding sands;

And lo! Thy stigmata upon mine hands.

Yet, as I pray, my feet take hold on hell.

It is not well, O Lord, it is not well!

AN ART-LOVER TO CHRIST

(Towards the End of the Ages of Faith.)

IF these I love, what love have I for Thee,
Since in her treasures the heart will be ?
Some, it may be, shall triumph, strong to seek
And find both these and Thee. But I am weak,
Unto mine idols am I wedded fast ;
And with them would I perish at the last.

(O beauty of great colour, great desire,
Great throes of music, clangour of great spires,
Mystical marvel of great verse, great dream
Of carven faces, and O thou supreme

Beauty of perfect love, the perfect art,—
Ye do consume with ecstasy mine heart.
God's images?—Nay, for your only sake
I flower and fade, labour and dream and wake.)

Not Thee and these ! Thou art too great and sweet
To brook a cloven worship at Thy feet.
I do not murmur. Fold Thy lovers, Thou,
In Thy blue Arcady. But here and now
I gather all the joy of Paradise
With faint adoring hands, and soft stilled eyes.

These perish ; Thou endurest?—Even so.
All perishing things are loveliest, I know.
The Music these, the fainting Echo I,—
Rather than live with Thee, with them I die !
Nor shall thine angry trumpets rend that rest,
For Thou art noble ; and I love Them best.

CALVARY

I.

FAINT incense from the lily goes ;

(O Calvary, O Calvary !)

Red, red as blood the drifted rose.

(O Calvary !)

I wove a glory for mine head ;

The wind's great wings came sweeping by ;—

And lo ! a crown of thorns instead !

What old old dream dream I ?

II.

Over the Field of Cloth of Gold

(O Calvary, O Calvary !)

Love leads rare queens and soldiers bold.

(O Calvary !)

A tyrannous white god is he,
And yet sometimes his eyes are wet :
Then murmur I : “ Can these things be ?
Hast *Thou* seen Olivet ? ”

III.

I hear a chime of wistful bells.
 (O Calvary, O Calvary !)
I have sung all my canticles :
 (O Calvary !)
And there is One that calleth me
 From Calvary.
The masques and dances hurt mine eyes ;
 I feel the dream behind them all ;
My rondels all ring round to sighs,
 And oh ! for evenfall !
 (And where is Calvary ?)

CHANT D'AMOUR

DESIRE

WHY do I call thee? Hear the Darkness calling

All the wild gold plumage of the sky,—

Flickering and flaming, softly, softly falling

To the Western dove-cote, dusk and shy.

With a voice of viols, hear the Darkness calling!

So my soul is yearning, tyrannous and tender;

Hear the Darkness calling, O thou poignant
splendour!—

It is I.

Why do I love thee?—Hearken Death desiring

All the yellow roses, loth to die,

All the lovely lovers and their loves untiring,

All the days of lapis-lazuli,

All the chiming rondels.—Hearken Death desiring

So in silver samite like a bride to fold thee,

So to hush thee, hide thee, so to have and hold

thee.—

It is I.

MONODY

I.

ART thou so sad, sweet Soul,—
Sad with the sadness of narcissus pale,
Whose delicate odours lingeringly exhale
By rare brown pools the green-blue birches veil,
Sad with the sadness, Love, of souls too pure
Their own consuming beauty to endure,—
Art thou so sad, sweet Soul?

II.

Love me, too-perfect Soul!
For such as thou, stooping to love of me
Surely a fault, a recklessness will be
To check thy fatal flame of purity,—
And yet a fault the gods may well forgive.
For this,—for any reason,—let me live,—
O love me, perfect Soul!

LOVE'S HUMILITIES

To think of thee, to think of thee !

O privilege too pure for me !—

Though I could part the sacred veil

Within my soul, and show thee pale

Against a golden light,

With long hands folded on thy breast,

Like some Madonna, drawn to rest

Upthrough a jasper night.

To dream of thee, to dream of thee !

O sweetness far too sweet for me !

To seek thy bosom like a dove,

To cling about thy feet like love,

What earthly dream shall dare ?

Let mine but hear the cushat call

Through roseries thy faint foot-fall

Hath silenced, like a prayer.

To think of thee, to dream of thee !

O ecstasy too rare for me !—

Nay ! Thou art but a colour through

All fantasies I ever knew,

Love, Love !—Or wilt thou be

An odour of hid lilies in

All dells of reverie I win ?—

O Sweet, suffice it thee !

ORA PRO ME

O PRAY for me! Lo, here thy lover lies!

O pray for me!

Remember me, O strange ecstatic eyes,

And pray for me!

Beneath thy nimb of sacerdotal gold,

Lifted aspirant face, O pray for me!

Ye long white pointed hands I yearned to hold
Against my breaking heart, implore for me,—

For me.

Then as I lie swathed in my waiting dream

(Unransomed yet!)

The colour and music of the Past shall seem

(O all regret!)

The great rose-window in a kirk of rest,
Where in a circumflagrant fantasy
Of rose and gold and green, thou flowerest,
To pray for all sick souls, to pray for me—
For me.

SURRENDER

I STROVE, and strove with Fate. I leave my throne
Of proud virginity, pearl-pale, apart,
Where I have loved to sit and hark alone
The dim pure pulses of my dreaming heart.
Behold! most impotent kisses must I rain
From lips for Death kept sweet
On thine indifferent feet
That yearn away to some strange laurelled goal.
Oh! She is fallen, yea, and fallen in vain,—
My once-imperial Soul!

“THE WATER O’ WEARY WELL”

“WHERE have you been, sweetheart, sweetheart,
since clang of twilight bell?”

—“A weary, weary pilgrimage, to the Water o’
Weary Well.”

“Now, what so crazed your silken feet, your sumptuous eyes, my bride?”

—“The craving of a dreamer’s heart, outraged and crucified.”

“Were not my kisses charm enough to keep your eyelids down?”

—“Nay!—Tho’ they sandalled sweet my feet, and bright my brows did crown.”

“I would the feet I sandalled so a sweeter way had trod !”

—“And yet it was your love of loves compelled me to the road.”

“Where did you pause, you wayward child, upon the journey vain ?”

—“By the dim Loch of Tears unwept, by the Standing Stones of Pain.”

“What did you at the Weary Well, your travail quite fulfilled ?”

—“I stooped, and drank so bitterly, and rose,—and I was stilled.”

“O let me lay you in my breast, and hush away your pain.”

—“And I was stilled, mine ancient Love ; I shall not ache again.”

“O Love, Love, Love, but yester-eve I plucked
your rose supreme.”

—“Oh! years on years ago it was, —or verily a
dream!”

UNREALISED

Not yet, not yet, Beloved!

A delicate sad kiss in passing by,

Dropt sprays of lily, and a wandering sigh!

Forget, forget, Beloved,

That Love has nought desirable but this,—

The whistled lily, the long sigh, the kiss.

Ah, Sweet,—could Love give nought more strange
than this?

Not yet, not yet, my Dream!

O'er my dream, dream, dream, my Dream!

That Love has nought more desirable than this,

Forget, forget, my Dream!

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN TO HER
LOVER

WHEN my heart breaketh with felicity,
When Love hath overstrung his lute, and when
Thy dear, dear hands and delicate I draw
Upon my flickering eyelids till I die ;—
In olive, oak, nor cedar shut me in,
Build me a sepulchre of saffron flame.

Ah ! shall my long fine fingers, made to play
The king's own virginals, the king's own soul,
My silk-shod feet that tread such measures out
Over the crimson roses and the white, —
O Love !—my lips, my sombre star-lit eyes,
So sacro-sanct with kisses that transcend

86 A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN TO HER LOVER

All other miracles of life and death,
By lewd and loathed and burrowing things be
 known?

And shall the blindworm ravel and undo
The love-spun web of that same sumptuous hair
Thou crownest as with stars, I think? (Poor gold!
It would the longest suffer all that wrong!)
Shall nameless lives invade my regal peace,
And play the courtesan—Oh! in my breast!
Thy garden to thee, Lord of the Lilies?—No!

While violin on violin laments,
To fire resign me, beautiful, fierce, and pure,
And fatal as a star, a sword, or Thou.
Burn me with amber, mud, and alabaster
And passionate myth. So, not akin to those
Who agonise from out the clanking clay,

Yea, slowly writhe from the dim charnel-house,
 Clogged and impierced by memories obscene ;
 But sifted, plumed, aspirant, followed hard
 By great bright angels,—Flame, and Scent, and
 Sound,

And Ecstasy, my phoenix soul must pass
 From Splendour to Splendour by the gates of fire.

.

Then in an antique ossuary shed
 The drifted dust,—then bow thine head, and cry :
 “O Love I loved, farewell !
 Farewell, farewell, for evermore farewell !”

MIDSUMMER EVE

LET Silence with her long pale hands ravish the
violin:

Let Reverie with silken snare entoil the dancing
foot!

Rumours of antique beauty, love o' stars, and shrunken
sin,

Die softly out from my tired soul! That I may
rest, be mute!

That I may rest, be mute!

But let some faint and rhythmic voice intone me
monkish tales

Of tears o' cult, and pangs of unendurable
divorce,—

Alhambras rainbow-bright made sullen cloisters,—
scourges,—veils,—

The great white glimmering tomb of Love, the
vigil of remorse.

Foretell the long remorse.

And oh ! ye lovely wasting eyes, let sleep blindfold
you well !

Peace ! Peace ! Tyrannic heart, what more, what
more to give have I ?

Yea ! tirèd through with love I am, for ever it befell
That, married to immortal dreams, all mortal
dreamers die :—

Of too much beauty die !

So, that some silver moons the more Love's torches
flame for me,

Give me a night of Lotos. Let the great grey
waters quite

Close over; and, because my soul has wrought my
flesh to be

Like essence,—ghosts and fairies fine alone shall
touch to-night.

Oh! Elfin hands to-night.

LOVE'S FOOL TO HIS LADY

LOVE'S Fool am I. To thine imperial court,
All blue and gold, all music, masque, and sin,
I bring the fool's own follies for thy sport,—
Mad silver bells, a subtile mandolin
To sting thy sated hours with quaint remorse,
And sad fidelities to strew the course
Like pansies, where thy perverse feet pass by.
Love's Fool am I.

Love's Fool am I. For I believe thee filled
With loving-kindness, though my life is poured
In blood and tears for thee; and splendid-willed,
And pure, albeit thou slayest as a sword.

Illusion is my livery?—What though?

Art thou not what I dream?—God meant thee so!

Fools overhear His sorrow, sigh on sigh,—

Love's Fool am I.

Love's Fool am I. Ah! if thy regal eyes

Drop me no love-stars, yet they shall be lit

With laughter all for me. Say not the wise

That Melancholy-mad hath rarest wit;

Then songs I'll sing thee, wrought with times
bizarre,

And all sweet lapses in crazed thought that are,

Till I surprise the tears that purify.

Love's Fool am I.

Love's Fool am I,—shall not thy Deity lay back?

Shall not the golden dragons of thy seat

Writhe in the dust ; and lovers all forsake,—

Yea, rend the purple from thy shoulders sweet,

And drive thee to the desert. I alone,

Oh ! I the Fool will follow thee, unknown,

To kiss thy frantic fingers till thou die ;—

Love's Fool am I.

RENUNCIATION

On the lifted Rood thy Days have hewn,
Sweet Soul, be crucified.

Yield the soft palm to the piercing nails
And bare the beating side.

Now change thee the love-stars in thine eyes,
And thy roses twined in vain,
For the upward stare of agony,
And the aubespine of pain.

O feet that sought the forest-paths
Cross over patiently:

O lips that the red red wines have stained
Be moistened bitterly.

The moon and the stars the torches were

To thy strange sweet mysteries ;

And God was the Lord of thy wedding-feast,—

For this, O Love, for this !

LEFT IN LIFE

I.

I would not have thee know the tears I weep.

The cold corroding vigils that I keep,

And the dim-scarlet fainting dreams of sleep,

I would not have thee know.

Like burning embers lie upon my breast

Those memories. — Soon, soon (and it is best !)

The heart must flame and break.—Sweet be thy
rest!

I would not have thee know.

How grace by grace my beauty wears away,

How daily deeper in the mazy clay

Time tramples Love and me—I pray, I pray

That thou shalt never know.

LEFT IN LIFE

II.

It is a dream. What then? Are dreams untrue?
Dreams were our angels when I walked by you.

It is a dream! But this is you, I know.
O Love, Love, Love, how could you leave me so?

A dream! But may I never lift my face
From this undying passion of embrace!

Look how my robes are rended and unstarred.
Yea! I am bleeding, trodden down, and marred.

For since you went and left me all alone,
Not one of all the world but casts a stone.

But fast my beauty flowers beneath this rain

Of tender tears. I am a queen again.

• • • • •
Awake, awake ! The great Deities of our world,

Please! with the glory of thy smiling hands.

OUTWORN

BEYOND the winds and the steadfast stars

Are there no quiet ways

Where the soul may swoon for ecstasy

Through the dim, pure nights and days

Where never a sorrow or a pain can hurt,

Where never a shadow can

Of the passion of tears and tangled feet,

Of the love, and the pain, and sin.

AN OCTOBER AFTERNOON

NEVER again

The world all gold,

Repured and cold,

And carved like a great brazen incense cup!

To gods of old

This rare barbaric perfume riseth up

Never again.

Never again

Yon sorceries

May burn the trees

That, on the green horizon dream to death.

Rich tears like these

Upon your lips, up on my lips, such breath

Never again!

THE SUPREME WISH

I.

GOD give you joy, I said,—and joy you had.

But how the the dancing tired

Your subtile feet!—and from the pageant glad

Your eyes most uninspired

Wearily turned toward the wistful West:—

So now, God give you rest.

II.

God give you love, I said,—and love's delight

Deep-dyed your purple eyes:—

But now, vague Soul, that wanderest careless quite

Of where the censers rise,

With listless lips and hands, and flaming breast,—
I pray, God give you rest.

III.

God give you rest, my queen. No earthly flowers
Upon that golden hair
Can lightly lie, no low love-song of oars
But tires you to despair.
God crown you soothly with His lies blest,
O Sweet, God give you rest !

DEAD

I.

If I hearken at your grave

Will you speak ?

Will the sudden crimson wave

Tint your cheek ?

Will your pulse begin to beat,

And your lip to quiver, sweet,

With the dreamy silver phrase

Of our dreamy lover-days,

If I speak ?

II.

For your passion would embalm

(So you said)

Lids and fingers carven calm,

Pale and dead.

Like a sacred orange-flower,
Pluckt one meditative hour,
You would wait, a pensive bride,
Till they brought me to your side,
—So you said.

III.

But I dare not hearken so,
Queen of Rest !
Where the holy lilies grow
From your breast ;—
For the silences immure
All your reveries death-pure,
While I ticken with the sin
Of the world I wander in,
Soul at rest !

IV.

So I labour to forget

How the road

Wins through petals blue and wet

Your abode ;—

How an agony supreme

Yet shall break your bridal dream,

When they bear my body stained

To your beauty unprofaned,

By that road.

AUTUMN-SONG

THE roads are laid with cloth-of-gold ;
And o'er the splendour, all alone,
Clad fair in scarlet, like a king,
Love cometh to his own.

A crown of thorns, a sceptral reed,
The beauty of a flaming throne !
From out the pleasant orchard-lands
Love cometh to his own.

SAINT MARY OF 'THE FLOWERS'

MEET me at Saint Mary of the Flowers',

Art thou tired as I? At evenfall

Meet me at Saint Mary of the Flowers.'

Ringing ancient rimes the far bells call!

There we sundered. Folly infinite!

Ringling rimes of mercy, hear them call.

From a world of lilies red and white,

Once by legendary angels trod,—

(O my pain is red, my love is white!)

Towers like great sword-lilies up to God

Triumph. Lo! Saint Mary of the Flowers',

All her spires upringing unto God!

Meet me at Saint Mary of the Flowers'.

Love is very great at eventfall:

Therefore meet me mid the abbey-flowers.

In the twilight Love remembers all.

Is God wroth with such a wasted day?

"Oh! the bleeding hearts!—Forgive them all.

"Count their pants, poor children!" Love will say.

All the West is dewy apple-green.

Pray a little; rise and come away.

Underneath the tender apple-green,

They shall bring us royally on biers:

They shall couch us like a king and queen.

Neither kisses, O my Love, nor tear

Shall we minzle in the Field of Flowers:

(O the olden kisses, and the tears!

Yet at sweet Saint Mary of the Flowers'

Subtly shall we be at one at last,

Resting at Saint Mary of the Flowers'.

Leave unto the locusts what is past.

Meet me at Saint Mary of the Flowers'.

SPRING

LOVE, as the Resurrection Angel, goes
To the low Sepulchre one watcher knows.

"Of Easter-Lilies I am lord!" Love saith,
"O Sleeper, I have ransom'd thee from death."

"O Dreamer, thou art very tired," Anse
And kisses thee from weeping from her eye."

But Love, the first of Angels' sayings, is
Vain, when time has cast its cruel spell of death
On the young life that is so sweet and true.

O Spring, when thou art here, I have no power
To bring the dead back to the world again.

For I am not the Resurrection power,
Which, when it will, can turn the dead to clay.

REQUIESCAT

I DUGGED thy grave in my memory

Years ago,—oh! years ago!—

And for oblivion over thee

The poppies grow, the poppies grow.

But still, when Hesperus is high,

Pansies for thoughts I drop thereby,

And let them lie, and let them lie,

Since from thy bitter I drew sweet.

Yet are the pansies at thy feet,

The pansies pale thy head above

Not sown of Love, not sown of Hate.

FRAGMENT

Love hath fetters on his feet.—

Never speak of these.

Love must use his knotted scourge,

Crouched upon his knees.

Let him alone. — We must be still to-day.

Love is at penance. — Go apart and pray.

PREVISION

WHILE all the dancing days that pass

Take oath we cannot die,

Alas ! Alas ! green grows the grass

Whereunder you must lie.

A golden Knight, sans fear or peer,

Lord Love great challenge saith :—

The hooded year is moving near

That strikes my heart with death.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust !

O bitterness thereof !

The sons of Lust, they moulder. Must

So fare the sons of Love ?

SLEEP-SONG

THE sunken bell is ringing up through the sea of
sleep.

Ah! can you hear it,

And not fear it,

Mine own bright sea-bird winging down through
the sea of sleep?

There's many a strange mermaid beneath the sea
of sleep;

And drowned white hands

Upon the sands,

And arcosies untaden beneath the sea of sleep.

But they that sink together down through the sea
of sleep,

In one dream charmed

Lie unharmèd.—

Love, if we sank together beneath the sea of sleep!

THE WAITING ANGEL

WE are leaning through the roses
Mid the thrill of the sweet closes
Of our tender violing.

Up and down, up and down
All the ways of our dream-town,
Round a dragon-crested King,
Ride the noble knights of old,
All in azure, green, and gold.
We two cast them our dream-roses
Mid the sweetness of the closes
Of our tender violing.

But I know, behind the star-lit
Dusk of emerald, a carlet

Strange Archangel brooding stands.
Waiting still, waiting still,
Gazing with a mournful will

At the sword within his hands.
Through the delicate green light
Winds the Pomp of our delight :
But I know behind the star-lit
Dusk of emerald, a scarlet

Angel lifts his armèd hands.

But when all the stars are weeping,
When my Well-beloved lies sleeping

Softly I shall rise and go.
I shall wrestle with that dread
Angel of the bended head.

“Death! Oh Death! Thy name I know.
Mock me not that I am frail.

I am Love: I must prevail
Here, where all the stars are weeping."
When the Well-Beloved lies sleeping,
Surely I shall rise and go.

THE IMMORTAL HOUR

STILL as great waters lying in the West,

So is my spirit still.

I lay my folded hands within Thy breast,

My will within Thy will.

O Fortune, idle pedlar, pass me by.

O Death, keep far from me who cannot die.

The passion-flowers are lacing o'er the sill

Of my low door.—As dews their sweetness fill,

So do I rest in Thee.

It is mine hour. Let none set foot therein.

It is mine hour unflawed of pain or sin.

'Tis laid and steeped in silence, till it be

A solemn dazzling crystal, to outlast

And storm the eyes of poets when long-past

Is all the changing dream of Thee and Me.

REVERIES

SPRING

ROUND the green-kindling hawthorn hill,
Upon the Path of Daffodil,
Before the morning star was set,
A pomp of grave Greek girls I met :
And, like the florets of the Way,
Of gleaming pearl and amber they
Were wrought. Upon their bounden hair
Pale urns of noble curve they bare.

“ Oh ! Whither ? ” said I, “ Wander ye,
Most beautiful Canephori ?
To what great Temple go ye up,
Cupbearers of what mystic cup ? ”

For what sweet god has each gold head
Its dainty curls white-filleted ?
What virgin pleasures do ye bring
Unto the triumph of the Spring ?”

One turned her head and answered me :
“ We know not what our burdens be,
Nor to what temple go we up
To pour strange wine from graven Cup ;
But the young god of our desire
Shall draw our feet before they tire
To His great House of gold and white
Where all the rites are mere delight.”

She spake. The frieze of daffodil,
Of mingled flowers and maidens, still
Girdled the glad white-flowering hill.

THE HOSTEL OF SLEEP

'Tis the Hostel of Sleep. Come in, come in !

Are ye spent and bleeding and shamed and cold?
Have they wronged you, Scholar?—Fair young
Knight,

Are you quite despoiled of your arms of gold?
Yet here is a mazer-cup for you,
And a great kind bed in the Chamber Blue.

'Tis the Hostel of Sleep. Come in, come in !

Ah ! There was many an ambush set !
Lover and foe they have hurt you sore.
Lover and foe shall you now forget,
For the moons and poppies woven through
The arras rare of the Chamber Blue.

'Tis the Hostel of Sleep. Come in, come in!

Passionate Pilgrim, swooning-pale,

Loose the fardel and kiss the Cup,

For here is the end of every tale.

Only the things of peace are true.

There is fire on the hearth of the Chamber Blue.

'Tis the Hostel of Sleep. Come in, come in!

Strong it is like an olden keep:

The Sign of the Star is over all,

With the Water of Dreams it is moated deep:

And the Host himself will warden you

As you lie at rest in the Chamber Blue.

TO FORTUNE

WHEN I am old, all things I will endure ;
But now, now, now, while I am young and pure,
Give me my portion of delight ; and so
But let me go.

When I am old and tired I shall not care
How many reveries I must outwear ;—
But to the soul as young as April rain,
Less pain, less pain !

Then roses, roses for the fragrant hair,
And wedding torches for the fingers fair,
And love, love, love, for the unbroken heart,
The perfect heart.

When I am old, o'er leagues of sad unrest
I shall go softly ;—hiding in my breast
Some gorgeous dream of youth, until I meet
The Grey Friend sweet.

DEATH

Mater Nostra

MINE is the kiss of motherhood. Why fear
The dusky regal splendour of my brows ?
As some great queen of persecuted house
With many a lingering yearning kiss and tear
Confides to lowly arms her princeling dear,
Until the imperious martial music rouse
The land to memory of its ancient vows,—
With Life, thy foster-nurse, I hid thee here.

Now would I wean thee softly from this Past
That wrongs the erstwhile playmate of the stars ;

Forget those low dim hills, those pale pent
skies.

Hail! thou hast heired the Infinite at last,

And kingly pleasures wait thee, kingly wars.—

Come, gather godhead from my nearer eyes.

FALLEN

I.

THE leaves of the lilies are lying
Low on the soiling ways,
And the lover-winds denying
With moans their early praise,
With tears their early praise,
O hide their shame
From the morning flame!—

God gathers all
At the evenfall.

II.

THE leaves of the soul are lying
Stained in the underwood,

And the winds o' the world decrying

Their lost sweet maidenhood,

Their dreamy maidenhood.

Hide them away

From the sun-lit day!—

God gathers all

At the evenfall.

THREE FATES

I.

O DREAMER, follow fast the Star
Adown yon wild green West :
Within the still green water-world
They charm your place of rest.

A white mermaiden softly coils
The linkèd melody
Shall draw you down like chains of pearl
Beneath the lighted sea.

What rumours of Eternity,
What old old dreams and new !
With coral and with ambergris
The couch is flowered for you.

II.

O Masquer, are you loth Love Sleep

Should I kiss your eyelids close?

Yet, as you dance, the good earth-god

Takes thought for your repose.

Somewhere beneath the kindly dust,

Made sweet with thyme and rue,

Under a springing cypress-plant

A bed is made for you.

Dance on, and sing. But, softly weaned

From sunlight and from dew,

The great sad roses early die

To make the bed for you.

III.

O Lover, for the maze of doom

Is thine the golden clue?

Down by the sullen alder-pool

 The wood is grown for you.

Across the black and freshening field,

 Beneath the bitter blue,

A Sower swings his rhythmic hands.

 Hempseed is sown for you.

What matter—if the love of Love

 Be coft with all the shame!

By water, land, or giddy air

 The sleep is much the same!

A PRAYER TO DEATH

For one who suffered too long

O God! Archangel, tarriest thou so late?

Now would we hear the dreamy winnowing,

Now see the dreamy silver of thy wing.

Hark while we pray, life's bondsmen passionate.

—You soul with tears and travail satiate,

Softly redeem from long long suffering.

Fierce as this intercession that we bring

His bitter need; and, as thy beauty, great.

O thou who gatherest to thy yearning breast

Young spirits newly wedded with delight,

Let their bright bridal-blossom spoil and taint,

Make pity one so prostrate and so pale

With that pale pain, — must snatch him thus and quit,

Expiations, forgotten rent.

“WHOM THE GODS LOVE – DIE
YOUNG”

I.

How wild were they, at break of day,
 Fulfilled of dream and dew;
The daisies young they pluckt and strung
 Across their robes of blue;
The glad white feet, through dances sweet
 A silver glory grew.

II.

How soft they sighed ere eventide,
 Fulfilled of Eros' best!
Each golden head, unfilleted,
 The charm of sleep confest.
They sprang like flowers; like folding flowers
 God gathered them to rest.

BODY AND SOUL.

THE spirit is a spotless doe that haunts

The vast, pure woods of God. Thro' her
domain

She feels the calm sweet days unsullied wane,
And white dream-Dryads are her ministrants.

And, thro' the flattered leaves the love-light slants,
—Till suddenly shrieks her softly slumbering pain.

The hounds o' the flesh are on the trail again,
And on, on, on, the sobbing quarry pants.

Who is the Hunter that unleashed the pack?

Was it a god's strange heart the sport designed?
She only knows He cannot call them back:

That only to the flaming hour she flies

When the last shameful agony shall blind
The accusation of her hunted eyes.

TO THE BOUND CAPTIVE IN THE
LOUVRE.

I.

YEA! all the beauty of sorrow, like a crown,
All sorrow of beauty, like a crown of thorn,
Genius of dreaming things, by thee is borne!
Shall not the brooding languors loading down
The bounden lovely breast, like veils that drown
The faintly-striving limbs, be sloughed and torn?
And shall it soon be waking and red morn,
And plague and fire in delicate Florence town?
O Hylas-beauty, poignant, perilous,
O luring, yearning curves of throat and chin,
Whereby is written Love's desire, Love's dread!
Whose captive art thou? What sarcophagus
Holds thee its victim, and thy darker Twin,
Immortals thrall'd for ever to the Dead.

II.

Immortal beauty and immortal pain,

Terror and mystery and dream fulfil

This archetypal bondsman. Strive thou till

Thy swoon is rent, thy Passion is all vain,

And in thy trance thou knowest it is vain.

Oh! let the drug of dreams, then, work its will:

The Bondsman and his bonds must marry still,

The Spirit and the Flesh be one and twain.

See! Interwoven in the fatal knot,

Contounded as a bridegroom with the bride,

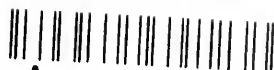
The beauty of the soul would rend and flee

The beauty of the body. Ah! let be!

For God Himself the mortal tangle tied,

And how to loose He hath Himself forgot.





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